

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.  
HENRY PETERSON, }

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 2, 1821.  
WHOLE NUMBER 1800, 1860.

## DROPS FROM THE WINE-PRESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I looked in her face when the grain was young—  
And the wind blew the high grass unto my knee,  
And I said, with a pleased but trembling tongue,  
“Dear heart! be true to me!”

The May-rose danced in her mouth and cheek,  
The May-breeze ruffled her raiment fine—  
She did not tremble, she did not speak,  
But she laid her hand in mine.

I looked in her face when the grain was ripe,  
And the sunlight reddened the chanced-walls;  
There were orange-leads on her forehead white;  
And her figure, slight and small,

With its snowy veil and its snowy hands,

Shone pure as a star in that chapel gray,

As the priest uplifted his aged hands,

And made us one for aye!

I looked in her face when the grain was staled,  
And the wind wailed over the autumn-field—  
But thought and color and life it lacked,  
And the lips and eyes were sealed.

Dear lips! true eyes! through the long, long years—  
Since I called ye mine in the chanced-blast—  
Sad store ye had knowns of sight and tears—  
But a frown was a stranger-guest.

Faithfully, fondly ye did your best,  
While the day blushed in at the cottage door—  
Meekly and sweetly ye took your rest,  
When the day was yours no more!

I looked in her face when the lid was shut,—  
My frame was shaken, mine eyes were wet,  
They lowered the slab on her bosom, but  
Her smile is with me yet;

And I pray that the angel, her next of kin,  
May come in the dawn and uplift the stone,  
That I and my grief may enter in—  
And rest with my precious one!

## THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF “THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,” “DANBURY HOUSE,” “THE RED COURT FARM,” &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER XIII.

### AN AWFUL NIGHT. AND AN AWFUL SCENE.

Rarely had such a night been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Danesheld. The storm of wind was terrific; now, it swept through the air with a rushing, booming sound; now, it shook old gables and tall chimneys, unhinged shutters, and crushed down out houses; and now it caused men and women to stagger as they strove to walk along. But for the wind, the night would have been nearly as bright as day, for the large, clear moon was at the full; but the clouds that madly swept across its face obscured its brightness, causing a dark shadow to fall upon the earth. Even the fitful gusts, when clouds were absent, seemed to hide the moon's rays, and dim them.

A knot of men were congregated in the tap-room of the Sailor's Rest; Richard Ravensbird, looking not a day older than when you saw him last, hard, composed, phlegmatic as ever, was waiting on them, or joining in their converse, as the case might be. Sophie was in the bar parlor. She did look older: somehow, Frenchwomen, after they pass thirty, do age unaccountably. Not that Sophie had changed in manner; she was free of tongue and ready at repartee, like she always had been.

“How's Cattley getting on? Have ye heard?” asked one of the men of Ravensbird, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

Ravensbird had handed a fresh jug of ale to another of the company, and was counting the halfpence, returned into his hand.

“Cattley may be better or he may be worse, for all I know,” returned he, when he had less counted. “It's no concern of mine: I don't meddle with other folk's business.”

“Tain't much meddling, landlord, to hear whether a injured man's getting on his legs again, or whether he's a going to have 'em laid out stiff,” retorted the questioner. “I ha' been at sea three days, and 'tis but natural to ask after a poor fellow as have been a' most murdered, when one gets to shore again.”

“A fine trouble your boat had to get home,” put in a man, before any one else could speak. “I was down the beach this afternoon, and see it a laboring.”

“Trouble!” echoed the other. “I never hardly was out in such a gale—and the wind blowing right astore. It took our best management, I can tell ye, to keep her off it. Does nobody know anything of Cattley?”

“Cattley's better,” answered one who sat in a corner. “I saw Mr. Bruff to-day, and asked him: he said he was going on all right. My lord's downright savage, though, because the fellows are off.”

“What follows?” cried the sailor in a quick tone. “Not Beecher and Tom Long!”

“Beecher and Tom Long, Cattley was well enough to be taken into the hall yesterday, from his bed: they wrapped him up in blankets, put him in a chair, and carried him in; and Beecher and Tom Long were brought up from the guard-house in charge of the police. But Cattley couldn't swear to them: he said he had no moral doubt that they were in the two, but could not speak to it with certainty. Of course that put a stop to all chance of conviction, and Lord Dane was obliged to liberate them. Such a lecture he read them first!”

“Did he?”  
“Bruff heard it. He was present during the time, close to my lord's chair, and he said his lordship was as vexed and annoyed as could be. Old Beecher came forward, with all the brass in the world, and said he'd take an oath his son was in bed at home the night the row happened. Lord Dane told him his oaths went for nothing, and he regretted the evidence was not more conclusive.”

“But there was a third, engaged in the attack,” resumed the sailor.

“Said to be. Cattley speaks of another, who was watching from a short distance. He did not join in the attack.”

“That was Drake, then; not a doubt on't. Smuggling or poaching, it all comes alike to him. I'll lay any money it was Drake.”

“You'd lose it, then. The third fellow was a tall thin man: Drake's short and stampy: I say, landlord, what's your opinion of it all?”

“Haven't I just told you that I mind my own business?” returned Mr. Ravensbird. “If everybody did the same there'd be less contention in the world.”

“Richard, Richard,” a voice was heard calling out, “step here a moment.”

It was that of Mrs. Ravensbird, and her husband proceeded to the room where she was sitting. She had a candle in her hand, and appeared as though she had just been up stairs.

“I'm afraid, Richard,” she said, “I protest I am: the very house seems to rock. I shall not go to bed to-night.”

“Nonsense,” returned Richard Ravensbird. “Folks sleep best in windy weather.”

“If they can get to sleep. It's what I shan't try at to-night. You just go up to our bedroom, and see what the wind is there: the bed itself's shaking.”

“They are calling for more ale in the tap-room,” cried a very smart maid, entering at this juncture. “Am I to serve it, sir? The clock wants but two minutes of eleven.”

“Oh, for goodness' sake let them stop on as long as they like to-night,” put in Sophie to her husband. “Better be in danger in company, than alone.”

Richard Ravensbird looked at her in surprise.

“Danger!” he repeated: “why, what is the matter with you, Sophie? You are surely not turning coward, because the wind is a little higher than ordinary?”

“The wind is worse than I have ever known since I lived in the Sailor's Rest,” she responded. “It's awful enough to make the bravest think of danger.”

Ravensbird returned to the tap room, and told the company it was eleven o'clock. They did not, however, seem inclined to move: and, whether it was the wind howling without, which certainly does induce to the enjoyment of comfort within, or whether in compliance with his wife's words, Ravensbird proved less rigid than usual as to closing his house at eleven; and suffered more ale to be drawn.

The servant was bringing it in, when a fresh customer entered. It was Mitchel, the peasant man. He took off an oil skin cape he wore, and sat down.

“Why, Mitchel! is it the wind that has blown you here?” were the words Ravensbird greeted him with. “I thought you were on to-night.”

“The wind won't let me stop on duty, Mr. Ravensbird, so it may be said to have blown me here,” replied Mitchel. “I saw you were not closed through the chinks in the shutters. It's an awful night.”

“Not much danger of a contraband boat-load stealing up to the beach to-night,” laughed one of the company.

“No: the flying Dutchman himself couldn't bring it up,” said Mitchel. “What with the security from that sort of danger, and the non-security from another, namely, that we might get whirled off the heights into the sea, and be never more heard of, the supervisor called us



THE RESCUE ON THE HEIGHTS.

off duty. What a sight the waves are, to be sure!”

“The men have not been on duty below all day.”

“Couldn't have stood it,” answered Mitchel, “the sea would have washed them away. It's great rubbish to keep men there at all, now they have put us on to the heights. I'm afraid of one thing,” he added, lowering his voice.

“What's that?”

“That there's a ship in distress. My eyesight's uncommon good for a distance, as some of you know, and I feel sure that I made her out, and even her very lights. The worst was, the gulls whistled one's sight, and steady for one minute, one couldn't stand. I pointed the ship out to Baker, when we met, but he could see nothing, and thought I was mistaken.”

“But—if it is a ship—why do you assume that she must be in distress?” inquired Mitchel.

“It could be off the coast, in such a storm as this, and not be in distress!” was Mitchel's answer.

“The man's voice stopped abruptly, and the assembly simultaneously started to their feet.

A heavy, booming sound had struck upon their ears. Mrs. Ravensbird rushed into the room.

“Is it a cannon?” cried she.

“It was a cannon, it was firing off quick and sharp strokes, one after the other, as no cannon ever had known to do yet. Some of those startled listeners had heard that sound before: some had not.

“It is the great bell at the castle!” uttered Mitchel, “I am sure of it. The last time it rang out, was for that fire in the stables, before the old lord died. What can be the matter?”

They moved in a body to the house door, and stood in the road outside, listening and looking. Though the Sailor's Rest stood alone, somewhat apart from any dwelling, they could see that the alarming sound had brought others to their doors, and night-capped heads to windows.

“The castle must be on fire,” exclaimed one, drawing the chorus of voices: “we ought to set off to it!”

“I wish you would all be still for an instant,” interposed Ravensbird. “Listen: as keenly as the wind and that heavy bell will allow you.”

They hushed their clamor and bent their ears in obedience to the injunction. And then they caught what the noise in the tap-room had prevented their hearing before: a minute gun fired from the sea.

“Why, she's nearly close in shore!” uttered Lord Dane, in an accent of horror.

“Another half hour, my lord, and she'll be upon the rocks!” responded a bystander.

“Mercy! how fast she's drifting! One can see her drift!”

“My men,” said Mr. Lester, addressing himself more particularly to the fishermen and sailors, many of whom had congregated there, “can nothing be done?”

“I could dare, sir. And the sea be higher now nor it was then.”

“Couldn't dare,” replied Lester. “We're all here to help.”

“Lord, we may assume that it has never been your fate to be on board one of these ill-fated ships at the moment of its doom. No imagination, however vivid, can picture the awful bearings of the scene. Bewildering confusion, sickening distress, unbounded fear.

“Reader! we may assume that it has never been your fate to be on board one of these ill-fated ships at the moment of its doom. No imagination, however vivid, can picture the awful bearings of the scene. Bewildering confusion, sickening distress, unbounded fear.

“I could not, for any consideration, abandon the expedition; nevertheless, I thank you, I thank you heartily, if you spoke out of interest for my welfare. Father, this may be our last meeting: shall we shake hands? If I do perish, regret me not, for I tell you truly, life has lost its value for me.”

“This is my expedition,” said Wilfred Lester; “but for me you would not have attempted it; allow me the privilege, therefore, of choosing my men. Bill Gandy, will you make one of us or not?”

“Yes,” answered the old sailor, “if it's only to care for you. My wife's in the church-yard, and my two boys are under the water: I shall be less missed nor sought.”

The twelve were soon named, and they went into the boat. Wilfred was about to follow them, when some one glided up, and stood before him.

“Will it prove avail to you to peril your life?”

The speaker was Mr. Lester. Wilfred hesitated a moment before he answered.

“I could not, for any consideration, abandon the expedition; nevertheless, I thank you, I thank you heartily, if you spoke out of interest for my welfare. Father, this may be our last meeting: shall we shake hands? If I do perish, regret me not, for I tell you truly, life has lost its value for me.”

Mr. Lester grasped the offered hand in silence, a more bitter pang wringing his heart than many of the bystanders would have believed. Wilfred leaped into the boat, and it put off on its stormy voyage, the spectators tearing round again to the spot, whence they could see the sinking ship.

What a fine picture the scene would have made! could it have been represented both to the eye and the ear—not unlike those old Dutch paintings of the Flemish school. The doomed ship and her unhappy freight of human life, soon to be human life no longer; the life-boat, launched on her perilous venture, making some way in spite of the impeding wind, now riding aloft, now engulfed under a huge wave, now battling with the furious sea master, the anxious faces of the spectators and their hushed, breathless interest, as they watched the progress of the boat, or the dim and dreadful spot further on; with the bright moonlight lighting up the whale, and the night sky, over which the clouds were racing!

While, over and anon, the faint tinkles of a bell might be heard from the ship, and the heavy bell at the castle still boomed out at intervals.

Would the boat reach the ship? Those in the boat, as well as those on shore, were asking the question? Bill Gandy, the oldest of them, declared he had never wrestled with a gale so terrific, with waves so furious. The mystery to Bill then, and it would remain a mystery to him throughout all his after life, was that they did wrestle with them. Minute by minute, as they strove to labor on, and the angry sea beat them back, did he believe more and more in the impossibility effected, and they could not account for it—unless Wilfred Lester's words on shore could do so: it was a good cause, and God was over them.

But they did not reach the ship. No; too many poor wretches were struggling with the waves nearer to them, and they picked up what they could; picked up until the boat could hold no more. Shouting out a cheering cry of hope to the wreck, they turned in shore again.

“No life boat could put off in such a sea as this!”

“Never, perhaps, had been witnessed a more hopeless spectacle of prolongation. Once, twice, three times a blue light was burnt on board the ship, lighting up more distinctly that the moon had done, her crew on deck, some of whom were standing with outstretched hands. Any yet, those on shore could give no help. Men ran from the beach to the heights, and from the heights to the beach, in painful, eager excitement; but they could do nothing.

On she came—on, on, swiftly and surely. The night went on, the hurricane raged in its fury, the waves roared and tossed in their tempestuous might; and the good ship came steadily to her doom. In two hours from the time that the castle bell boomed out, she struck. And, simultaneously with the

striking, many souls were washed overboard, and were battling their own poor might and strength with the water, as hopefully as the ship had done. The agonized shrieks of woes were born over the waters with a shrill, wailing sound, and were echoed by the watchers; some of whom, women, fell on their knees in their nervous excitement, and prayed God to have mercy on the spirits of the drowning.

“She'll be in pieces! she'll be in pieces! and no earthly aid can save her!” was the cry that went up around.

As it was being uttered, another dashed into the heart of the throng, one who appeared not

The going back was less labor, for they had the wind with them, but it was not less dangerous. Some of the men, powerful, hardy sailors that they were, felt their strength drooping; they did not think they could hold out to the shore. Wilfred encouraged them, as he had done in going, cheering on their spirits, almost knowing their physical strength. But not him, they would several times have given up the effort in despair, when they were fast beating on for the wreck.

"Dear son with a will, my brave lad," he hoped; "don't let the fatigue master you. I and Bill Gaud are good for another turn yet; but we'll leave you on shore to recruit force, and bring others in your stead. You shall join again the third time. Cheerfully on with a will! I wonder how many times it will take before them all?"

One of the rescued spoke up to answer. All could not speak, for some were lying, hurt or suspended, in the boat. He was an able-bodied seaman.

"It would take several times, master; but you'll never get the chance of going to her a third time if you do a second. She was parting amanuensis."

"Parting amanuensis!"

"I think so; and so did the captain. She must have struck upon a rock, and was grinding and cracking awfully."

"Whence does she come?"

"From New York. A passenger ship. A prosperous voyage we had all along from starting, and this is the ending! A fine ship she was, spick and span new, eleven hundred tons register, her name 'The Wind.' I didn't like her name, for my part, when I joined her."

"Many passengers?"

"Fifty or fifty; about half a dozen of them first class; the rest, second."

"Did you jump overboard? hoping to swim for your lives?"

"No; no; who could swim in such a sea as this? All you saw in the sea were washed off. Some had sunk when you got to us."

Of course the above conversation had only been carried on at intervals, as the struggling boat permitted, and now it ceased altogether, for every energy had to be devoted to the boat, if they were to get her to the shore.

A low, heartfelt murmur of applause greeted their ears as they reached it; it might have been louder, but for remembrance of what the brave adventurers had yet to do, and the little chance there was of its being done—the very small portion these few saved, formed of those to be saved. As Wilfred Lester stepped ashore, his face white with exertion, and the salt foam dripping off him, it is possible he looked for a father's hand and a father's voice to welcome him. If so, he was mistaken. Mr. Lester was still there, but did not advance. What he might have done alone, it is impossible to say, but his wife was now with him. Strange to relate, Lady Adelaide had ventured, in her curiosity, down to the beach, and stood, braving the wind, supported between her husband and Lord Dane. Perhaps Mr. Lester did not choose to notice Wilfred in the presence of his wife, for he knew how much at variance they were; or perhaps he already repented of his late greeting. Wilfred saw her standing there, and turned again to the life-boat.

"These poor creatures must be conveyed to warm beds, and warm fires," he exclaimed, looking at some of those he had helped to rescue, "or they may soon be no better off than they would have been if left in the water."

"I can receive two or three," exclaimed Richard Ravensbird, pressing forward. "I have not been able to do anything towards saving, but I can towards sheltering."

Two vehicles were waiting, having come down to be at readiness; if wanted, and they were brought into requisition, one of them taking its way to the Sailor's Rest. It contained a man who was too exhausted to speak much, or to notice anything, and a young man who appeared to be in attendance upon him, probably a friend.

"That we owe our lives to you this night, under God, there is little doubt," the latter cried, grasping Wilfred Lester's hand. "The time thank you, I hope, will come."

Wilfred began mustering his second crew. Old Bill Gaud insisted upon being one.

"Not you, Dick," cried Wilfred to another; "I won't have you; you could not stand the labor."

"I'm as strong as I was before my illness, sir," pleaded Dick.

"I will not admit you, I say. Stand back. We have no time to lose."

Surely had the words left Wilfred Lester's mouth, when a prolonged, dreadful shriek, only too palpable to the ear, arose from the wreck. It was some minutes before those on shore could make out its cause. But, when they did, when they discovered what had happened—alas! alas! The rescued sailor's words had been two surely and swiftly verified. The vessel had parted amanuensis, and was settling down in the water.

Oh, for the life-boat now! One more voyage, and it might yet save a few of those now launched into the water. Before it could take a third, the rest will have been launched into eternity.

And the life-boat hastened out amidst others to serve its mad way, but it rescued none. The hungry waters had made too sure of their prey.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE RESCUE.

But three passengers had been rescued. The two conveyed to the Sailor's Rest, who had been chief cabin passengers, and a steerage passenger; the rest saved, were seamen; not one of the officers, all had gone with the ill-fated ship.

Passengers had been dispatched to Sophie, and when the fly got there, she had warm beds in readiness, and hot blankets, in case rubbing should be necessary. One man, it was he who had seemed so exhausted, had nothing on but his shirt and drawers. A large cloak had been thrown over him as they raised him out of the life-boat; and then he spoke a few words, which I need not repeat.

"My hand. I am cold. Get a shawl for my hand."

Sophie were not plentiful on the beach, for none had been brought down, but a large neck-handkerchief was found in somebody's pocket, and the man's head was enveloped in it. He slowly pulled it over his face, as if to shield him, or he was to have; and her manner to him still retained far more of those of some of the inhabitants of Daneshold. Sophie began pouring into his ear all the news she had been able to collect, as regarded the two passengers, coupled with her own additions: for she was one of those who from conclusions according to their active imagination, and then assume them to be facts.

They were both Americans, from the United States, she said; the old gentleman travelling over here for his health, especially for a weakness in the eyes; and the young one for pleasure. They had first met on board, and got friendly together. The old gentleman's name she had not come at yet, but the young one's was Lydney. Such a pleasant young man! spoke French like an angel—and as rattling and free as my lord himself used to be. It was very comfortably furnished: a sofa, a centre-table and side tables, besides the requisite furniture for a sleeping-room, but its space afforded good accommodation. On this same evening at dusk, Mr. Ravensbird himself was in the chamber, attending the fire, when the sick gentleman suddenly addressed him.

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"Are they gentlemen?" inquired Lord Dane. "Or people in business, merchants, and that sort of thing?"

"The young one's a gentleman, if ever I saw one," returned Mrs. Ravensbird, warmly. "In looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade is his white hair. When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"What sort of neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman.

## GOLD.

Some persons seem to have rather exaggerated ideas of the effect of increasing the supply of the precious metals; witness the following paragraph, from one of our exchanges:

If gold were as abundant as iron, it would be cheaper than iron, for then no one would give a pound of iron for a pound of gold. Gold is not so valuable an article for exchange as it used to be. Eighteen hundred years ago, the exchange value of gold was at least ten times as great as it is now, for then there was much less of it. If gold were only used to exchange for wheat, then if there were only a million bushels of wheat, and just a million ounces of gold, a bushel of wheat might be exchanged for an ounce of gold. But if there were twenty million bushels of wheat, and a million ounces of gold, an ounce of gold would be exchanged for twenty bushels of wheat. When wheat is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of gold; just so when gold is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of wheat. So you see the world would not be any richer than now, if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now. The only result I would be, that it would take more gold to buy other things.

The word "abundant," in the above case, has a rather indefinite meaning—a very costly thing to produce, may yet be produced in "abundant" quantities. And the value of the article will be determined, in a great degree, by the cost of producing it. Thus, if gold were as plentiful in nature as iron, and a pound of gold could be produced at the same price as a pound of iron, their relative values would be the same—if their usefulness to man were the same. But if a pound of gold took ten times as much labor to produce it, it might be just as plentiful as iron, and yet ten times dearer.

Then again, if you increase the quantity of gold in the world twenty times as much as you increase the quantity of wheat, it does not follow that it will take twenty times as much gold to buy the same amount of wheat. If there was only one ounce of gold in the world, it would not buy all the wheat in the world—and if there was only one bushel of wheat in the world, it would not take all the gold to buy it. Destroy half of the gold in this country to-morrow, and in all probability the price of wheat would not fall one-fourth. Then again, if the world was filled with paper money, the rise of wheat might be double the fall.

We think, for our part, that the world would be richer than now, "if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now." Gold has many other uses besides its use as a currency—and its use as a mere minister to the sense of beauty, is by no means to be considered a low or inferior one. Perhaps it is really one of the highest—as the rose may have a higher and more spiritual mission than the nutritious grain.

But the subject is a very wide one—and few, if any, understand it in all its bearings. That there is a general connection between the prices of products and the amount of currency (gold, silver, and paper credits) is doubtless true; that there is a regular response in the rise or fall of prices, to the rate of increase or decrease of that currency, cannot, we think, be shown. Prices are affected by so many considerations, and articles have such a relative value to each other, as well as to the currency, that he must needs be a more profound thinker and acute observer than is often seen in this world, to be able to tell whether the price of any article will be higher or lower at the end of a year.

## THOSE OLD STOVES.

We would respectfully suggest to the Directors of the Germantown Railroad, now that the winter is approaching, that those old stoves which have served the company to the best of their ability for so many years, should not be pressed again into service. In the natural course of events in this world, everything must have an end. We know this to be true, although the continued endurance of those old stoves would seem to throw doubt upon the assertion. And yet, even in their case, the spirit of the act "for the prevention of cruelty to animals," would seem to forbid any longer tampering with such decaying and rickety organizations. If the Directors have too much regard for those venerable stoves to sell them as old iron, let them call a special meeting of the company, and bury them decently—the stockholders following two and two, preceded by the Directors with tears in their eyes, mourning alike over the sad fate of the old stoves, and the expense of getting new ones. If an epitaph should be wanted, to cut upon the tombstone, the following is at the service of the Company:

Here lie them stoves—they good old stoves!

We think they're gone to heaven!

That they could go to any spot

Where the fire is wanted rather hot.

There's not one chance in seven.

**REFORMING BACKWARDS.**—Mr. Cobden, the English Reformer, it seems, was recently given the credit of certain opinions which he is by no means anxious to father. Whereupon he writes as follows:

"The paragraph you enclosed, giving a conversation of mine, is one of those rascally acts of eaves-dropping for which American newspaper writers are so notorious. There is a good deal of the paragraph which agrees with what I have thought; but whether I expressed it in private conversation is more than I could swear to, as no one expects to be made responsible for private gossip. There ought to be the punishment of the pillory or the stocks revived for those who publish in newspapers the unguarded remarks which fall from a man in private conversation, when he frequently speaks merely to provoke a reply and keep people from going to sleep over too serious an interchange of views."

Such practices are very reprehensible certainly, but we are surprised that a great Reformer like Mr. Cobden, should go in for the "revival" of those relics of barbarism, "the pillory and the stocks." How will it sound in history, when some new Macaulay—with what truth our readers may judge—shall record this of Mr. Cobden.

**Four-story shirt collars are all the rage.** We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short-necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should get their ears moved up a little higher.

## A SUMMER RAMBLE.

## NUMBER FOUR.

LONDON, August 24, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post.—

The rain, which has so sorely tormented nearly the whole of Europe, during this most unpropitious of summers, and which detained our party for several days at Interlachen, cleared up at last, and we started, at a very early hour, in an open carriage, and ready to enjoy to the utmost the beauties of the romantic valley in which lies Lauterbrunnen, with its magnificent waterfall, the next point on the route sketched out for our wanderings; and whence we were to make our first Alpine ascent—that of the beautiful Weisshorn Alp at the foot of the Jungfrau—to be followed by that of the Brunig and Great Scheldeck Passes; all famous for the splendor of their views, and surrounded by the snowy giants which constitute the peculiar attraction of Alpine tourist.

This most lovely valley is as full of legends as of beauties. One point is held to be the scene which Byron had in his mind in his description of the residence of "Manfred;" another point is shown as the place where the Lord of Rothensine murdered his brother, and then, stung with remorse, deserted his ancestral castle, and fled from the sight of his fellow into the recesses of the mountains, where he perished miserably. The picturesque ruins of the ancient castle of Unterpannen, perched on an eminence, but half lost amid fir and brashwood, formerly belonged to a very old baronial race, who were lords of the whole Oberland, from the Grimsel to the Gemmeli.—Burkardt, the last male descendant of this family, had a beautiful and only daughter, the Lady Ida; and this daughter had given her heart to an adoring young knight, who was attached to the court of Count Berchtold, of Zähringen, between whom and Burkardt a long and deadly feud subsisted. Rudolph of Wadenswil, the young lady's lover, despairing of obtaining her father's consent to his suit, scaled the castle walls by night, and carried off the Lady Ida, whom he immediately espoused. Many years of sanguinary strife ensued between the bride's father and the party of her husband: and no intercessions of hers seemed likely to stop the bloodshed between their respective retainers and allies. But at length, sick of all that tumult and slaughter, Rudolph determined on making a supreme effort to obtain his father-in-law's forgiveness; and taking his infant son in his arms, with the Lady Ida by his side, he presented himself, unarmed, at the gates of Burkard's stronghold. This appeal to the old Baron's affection and generosity so strongly affected him that he burst into tears, forgot his anger, and receiving his children in his arms, made Rudolph's son the heir to his vast possessions. At the time of this happy reconciliation, the old Baron had said,

"Let this day be forever celebrated among us!" and rural games were accordingly, for many years, held on the spot. These were revived in the early part of the present century, and consisted of the gymnastic exercises, wrestling, pitching stones, &c., so common in Switzerland, and at which, at the favorite periodic gatherings, called "Schwing-fests," the Switzers compete for the prizes given to the strongest and most skillful. A huge fragment of rock, weighing 184 pounds, which, on one of these occasions, was hurled ten feet by an athlete from Appenzell, may still be seen here, half buried in the ground.

The beautiful valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for its narrowness, and the nearly vertical precipices, clothed with orchards, patches of barley, and forests of fir, that hem it in. Its name means, literally, "nothing but springs," and well is it named, innumerable streams descending headlong from the tops of the rocky mountains on either hand, and casting themselves, like so many tremulous threads of silver, into the foaming river that rushes so swiftly through the Schmidirbach, dimly seen pouring down from the banks of the distant glacier-torrent of the Schmidirbach, dimly seen pouring down from the banks of the valley. So deep is this valley, that the sun, even in summer, does not show himself until seven o'clock; in winter, not before twelve!—But wild and striking as is the scenery of the valley, its principal attraction is the famous waterfall of the *Staubach*, or Dust Fall, one of the loftiest in Europe, being nearly 900 feet in height, pouring in graceful pendant curves over the edge of the vertical precipice from which it plunges, without let, halt or hindrance, into the depths of the valley below. The stream itself is inconsiderable in point of volume; its peculiarity consisting in the immense, unbroken length of its vertical fall, during which it is shivered into silvery, dust-like spray long before it reaches the bottom. Byron has likened this most beautiful fall to "the tail of the Great White Horse in the Apocalypse;" most ladies would probably liken it to a pendant scarf of the most exquisite guipure; the two similes together affording a pretty good idea of its appearance.

After gazing at this most beautiful object until our eyes ached, and we had been nearly drenched with the clouds of spray that are driven off from its base to a distance of many yards, we got into one of the little rough pony carriages of the region, and explored the valley as far as practicable by wheel, purchasing delicious strawberries of little bare-footed children, and "doing" two or three sublimer wonders in the way of waterfalls, one of which, a considerable stream, has worn its channel so deep into the rocky side of the valley that it cannot be seen until you clamber into the fissure, though filling the air to a considerable distance with its deafening roar.

At a very early hour next morning—for no one thinks of beginning these mountain-doings later than six o'clock,—our party was off for its first "ascension;" the ladies stuck upon the rough-looking horses in use on these occasions, the gentlemen, who had purchased alpin-stocks the preceding day, of the women who deal in these and similar articles in the cottages about the foot of the Staubach, accompanying on foot.

To those of my fair readers who have never "done" one of these ascensions, it is impossi-

ble to convey any but a very attenuated idea of their horrors. The path is usually such as would be considered impractical, even for bipeds, anywhere but among the Alps; narrow, uneven, full of holes, some of which are left to yawn as they please, others being partially filled with blocks of stone, among which your Resistance founders and staggers to the amazement and despair of its rider, and though the surefooted and intelligent animals are rarely known to fall, it is impossible for you to imagine that it can keep its feet in such a road. Add to this that the path in its zigzag windings, is usually very much more steep than the roof of an ordinary house; that it frequently consists of a kind of rude staircase, which, though its steps are somewhat broader than those of ordinary houses, is usually much steeper, its steps being formed sometimes of masses of stone, sometimes of logs of wood firmly bedded in the soil, the space between these logs being filled with great stones, some fast, others loose; and that the path, narrow and inexpressibly bad, but usually fenced in at the lower points of the ascent, often passes along precipices which fall away, sheer, and dizzy, for hundreds and thousands of yards beneath you, is utterly without fence of any kind in its higher portions. You soon perceive that the holding of the reins, under such circumstances, is a mere work of supererogation; and getting the guide who tramps along at your horse's head, to the useless "ribands" round his neck, so as to have them comfortably out of the way, you hold on firmly to the rail, which surrounds your saddle, and helps to keep you in your seat, and trusting to Providence, the guide, and the steed, hold your breath to keep from screaming, and endure the unspeakable bumps, thumpings, jerkings, and joltings which necessarily result from the positions into which your steed is thrown in his efforts to keep his feet. Sometimes the horse is reared on his hind legs, while his fore legs with difficulty bite the ground, or stimulate themselves among the logs and stones, as he pulls himself up to the higher point before him; sometimes the road makes a sudden pitch of a few yards, round some steep shoulder, and it is the turn of his hind legs to be uppermost, as he feels down before him cautiously with his fore legs, while nothing short of a miracle seems to keep you from slipping down over his head, and the jolt with which the patient creature brings down his hind quarters, when he has succeeded in planting his forelegs on something firm, is admirably calculated to give you a "realizing sense" of what would be your sensations if condemned to suffer martyrdom by being "shaken to pieces." In general, a slip of the horse is followed by an obtrusive exclamation of the guide, and a firmer next-step of the animal; but in very bad places, and especially where the road is very wet from rain, or from a stream having taken possession of it, the horse will sometimes execute a succession of long, jolting slides, from which it seems impossible that he should ever recover himself, and at every one of which you give yourself up to certain destruction, or at the least, the breakage of half the bones in your body.

Of course these clamberings are performed at the slowest possible walk; at an entire day being consumed in performing a length of way which, on level ground, and a more practicable road, would be easily gotten over in a couple of hours. As to the ascents, which are still more difficult, and in which the motion of the horse is still more distressing to the rider, very few of them can be performed on horseback. Few persons would have the courage thus to face the wide gulph of space that opens before you when you turn your back to the side of the mountain; and fewer still could endure the physical distress caused by the motion of the horse, as it flounders down with its creper in the air, and its head almost lower than its hoofs.

So much for the physical enjoyment of a mountain-climb; and which is only rendered endurable by the hope of seeing the Alpine Giants in their glory, and as they can never be seen from imagined from lower altitudes.

And how magnificently glorious they are, these white-robed, shining, solitary dwellers in the blue, with the massive grandeur of their mighty outlines, the majestic sweep of their glaciers, the roar of their ice torrents, and the thunder echoing of their avalanches! But my pen is running on too fast; and must turn back, from this glimpse of the heights where the storm, fair Giants hold their court in upper air, to note the varied beauties which tempt the most timid to undertake these ascensions, and most amply overpay the various compensating miseries.

In the first place, floweriness as are the Swiss pastures in the valleys—and it really would seem as though Swiss hay must contain a dozen blossoms for every blade of grass—this floral wealth grows richer with every step you take, as you advance up the mountain, and above the carpet of wild strawberries and raspberries that covers its base. Except the common English daisy—which I have not seen anywhere in Switzerland, though the great "moon-daisies" grow in profusion both in the valleys and on the hills—every English wild-flower grows luxuriantly upon the Alps, together with many which are seen in England only as denizens of the garden; and in addition to these are an amazing number of flowers peculiar to these regions, some of them seeming to be peculiar to each Alp, and not showing themselves on the others. Many of the common English wild-flowers, moreover, here assume a depth of hue, and even a variety of color or of growth, that fairly entitle the old friends to be counted as new ones; the modest white flower much beloved by English children under the familiar name of "Hen and Chickens," for instance, grows both much larger, and much smaller, on the Alps, and puts on every conceivable shade of pink and lilac; the dandelion, too, is found of many shades, from the most delicate straw-color to the hue of the Maltese orange; the myriads of harebells indulge in fanciful caprices, and come out in tall waving clusters, with the long orthodox stems which tremble in the lightest wind, or restrict themselves to three, two, or even a single blossom, strongly hung on a sturdy stem of only an inch or two in height. The Indian pink, thrift, columbine, snapdragon, crimson thistle, as fragrant as they are beautiful, campanulas,

strawberry-bell, and a thousand others, grow in profusion; the stone-crop—always yellow elsewhere but here, decking every patch of rock with delicate broderies of white, pink, gold, and purple—the ever-beauty thyme, the wild mint, the beautiful dwarf asclepias, known here as the "Alpin rose," and covering thousands of acres with its glowing blossoms, together with the rich flora peculiar to these mountains, cover every inch of surface, and convert the rugged mountain-sides into a vast mosaic of the most admirable hues, and of most delicious perfume. The scarlet clusters of the herbaceous, are everywhere to be seen, with a host of other shrubs peculiar to the region, interspersed with red, black, and purple berries. The groves of pines constitute another delightful feature of the scene; and in these Natura shows herself as capriciously lavish of variety and ornament as in the flowers, some of them bearing the ordinary brown cones, while others are rich in clusters of gold, of amber, of rosy pink, and, most beautiful of all, of a warm reddish purple, contrasting magnificently with the dark green of the spiky foliage, and the soft gray of the long pendant moss that hangs from the under sides of the branches.

It is very interesting to those who explore the Alps for the first time, to note the changes which succeed one another in the aspect of the region about them. While plodding through the valley you have a river, as a matter of course, tumbling and foaming under a few rustic bridges, grassland, patches of crop, walnut, cherry, and apple trees, with here and there an oak or elm—cottages, church-spires, and the dingy-looking barns in which the villagers keep their stock of hay for the coming winter. When you begin to ascend the mountain, you see the chalets of the cowherds distributed over its turfy sides, at a considerable distance above you, with herds of cattle lazily browsing to the soft tinkling of the bells round their necks; the straggling edges of the groves of fir which clothe the hills above the region of the chalets being the only trees to be seen at that height. Having journeyed successively past the chalet, you enter the region of the fir; when these are past, you are surrounded only by low bushes and flowers. Above the flowers come the mosses; above these, bare stones, hard rocks, without the faintest trace of vegetation; then the snow; and above the snow, the limitable blue. At every step some new object of interest, some new point of view, meets the eye; the field of vision grows wider, and its elements are seen under a new aspect. The valley at your feet assumes new forms and puts on new tints; distant waterfalls come into sight, shining in the sunlight, and towering peaks, unseen before, lift themselves silently into view, gleaming with the ineffable whiteness of eternal snow, or wreathed with mist, or capped with clouds, according to the overshifting whims of the weather. What with the purity and freshness of the air, the spicy exhalations of the fire and flowers, the magnificent panoramas spread before you on every hand, and the hope of still finer views from the summit of the pass, it is impossible to conceive of anything more exhilarating and spirit-stirring than are these ascensions, on a fine day, despite the equatorial horrors by which they are inevitably attended.

But glorious as are your sensations during one of these ascensions, provided the sun be shining, just so ignominious is the state to which you are reduced if overtaken, as is, also often the case, by rain. For no one who has not been in Switzerland in bad weather has any idea of what rain can be; and at these high altitudes, where you mount into, and above, the ordinary path of the clouds, you are necessarily exposed, far more than at a lower height, to the vicissitudes of the weather. The present season has been, in Switzerland, as through the greater part of the old world, the wettest and coldest within the memory of the present generation; and great has been the sum of disappointment thus caused to this summer's wanderers among the Alps.

For ourselves, the weather remained fair until we had gained the summit of the Wengen Alp; when thick masses of cloud began driving into the pass, impeding our view of the steamers that were thundering about us.

Thus, the mountain-climber is exposed to the elements, and the mission of the new Empire is accomplished. The military role of France in Europe is at an end." This "military role of France" has given a great deal of uneasiness to Europe, and particularly to England, and all those powers who looked upon the large military establishment of France as a "standing menace" must be glad to hear that it is at an end.

Now, don't take me out suddenly; take me down first to a room where it is not so hot as it is here; and then to another room, where there is still less heat, and so take me out gradually." Why, the man would be a cinder before you got him out.

A man who wants to reform should reform perpendicularly.

"A country justice of the peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be called on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying he believed he could tell them now. "Why," say he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father suited me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might suit me for forty years to come."

Charles Reade believes in American literary geniuses, but thinks you must look for it in the newspapers. "Read the American papers. You revel in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious romance! In Great Britain there are 505 newspapers; in America there are 4,000; and these are buried, for the present, many an immortal genius—buried, but not to me hidden. I can see their fitful gleams in reading these papers."

A HINT TO MARTIN THE VEGETABLE VOYAGER.—In rowing a boat on vegetarian principles look out for leeks. That's wherry funny!—*Unity Fair.*

Dr. Windship is opposed to all severe exercise; we have heard him say, that all time, as a general rule, spent in a gymnasium over thirty minutes, is worse than wasted. He lays it down as an unavailing position that the rivalry excited in gymnasiums is physically bad, for that each student should be governed alone by his own power of endurance and capacity, and that the feats of others can be no criterion for his individual ambition.

Squire Jack was a cabinet maker and undertaker, known far and wide as a master-workman. One day a couple came to his office to get married. The man's face was familiar to the squire, and he ordered him off in this wise: "Begone, you scoundrel; you haven't paid me for your first wife's coffin!"

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.—In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech occurs these memorable words:—"The sacred rights of man are not to be rammaged for among old parchment or rusty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

CENSUS FOLIATIONS.—In a town in Connecticut the census marshal found two maiden ladies who were two years younger than in 1850. In another instance a woman of 65 was found with a son of 36. The husband of the woman, a second one, was 30. Quarer things the census shows.

Boswell was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes," cried Lord Came, "Homer sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, his lord added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

A Western editor wished to induce a farmer to subscribe to his paper, but his objection was that it was not an agricultural sheet. The editor declared it was, and, in proof, exhibited an article on "Sowing Wild Oats."

## To Make Shrubbery Bloom. Type A-F.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The going back was less labor, for they had the wind with them, but it was not less dangerous. Some of the men, powerful, hardy sailors that they were, felt their strength failing; they did not think they could hold out to the shore. Wilfred encouraged them, as he had done in going, cheering on their spirits, almost reviving their physical strength. But for him, they would several times have given up the effort in despair, when they were fast hawing on the rocks.

"Come on with a will, my brave lads," he urged; "don't let the fatigues master you. I and Bill Gaud are good for another turn yet; but we'll have you on shore to recruit soon, and bring others in green streak. You shall join again the third time. Cheerily on with a will! I wonder how many times it will take, to save them all!"

One of the rescued spoke up to answer. All could not speak, for some were lying, hurt or unconscious, in the boat. He was an able-bodied seaman.

"It would take several times, master; but you'll never get the chance of going to her a third time, if you do a second. She was parting friendship."

"Putting aside?"

"I think so; and so did the captain. She must have struck upon a rock, and was grinding and cracking awfully."

"Whom does she come?"

"From New York. A passenger ship. A prosperous voyage we have had all along from starting, and this is the ending! A fine ship she was, spick and span new, eleven hundred tons register, her name 'The Wind.' I didn't like her name, for my part, when I joined her."

"Many passengers?"

"Forty or fifty; about half a dozen of them first class; the rest, second."

"Did you jump overboard? hoping to swim for your lives?"

"No; no; who could swim in such a sea as this? All you saw in the sea were washed off. None had sunk when you got to us."

Of course the above conversation had only been carried on at intervals, as the struggling boat permitted, and now it ceased altogether, for every energy had to be devoted to the boat, if they were to get her to the shore.

A low, heartfelt murmur of applause greeted their ears as they reached it; it might have been louder, but for remembrance of the brave adventures had yet to do, and the little chance there was of its being done—the very small portion thereof saved, formed of those to be saved. As Wilfred Lester stepped ashore, his face white with exertion, and the salt foam dripping off him, it is possible he looked for a father's hand and a father's voice to welcome him. If so, he was mistaken. Mr. Lester was still there, but did not advance. What he might have done alone, it is impossible to say, but his wife was now with him. Strange to relate, Lady Adelaide had ventured, in her curiosity, down to the beach, and stood, braving the wind, supported between her husband and Lord Dane. Perhaps Mr. Lester did not choose to notice Wilfred in the presence of his wife, for he knew how much at variance they were; or perhaps he already repeated of his late greeting. Wilfred saw her standing there, and turned again to the life-boat.

"These poor creatures must be conveyed to warm beds, and warm fires," he exclaimed, looking at some of those he had helped to rescue, "or they may soon be no better off than they would have been if left in the water."

"I can receive two or three," exclaimed Richard Ravensbird, pressing forward. "I have not been able to do anything towards saving, but I can towards sheltering."

Two vehicles were waiting, having come down to be at readiness, if wanted, and they were brought into requisition, one of them taking its way to the Sailor's Rest. It contained a man who was too exhausted to speak much, or to notice anything, and a young man who appeared to be in attendance upon him, probably a friend.

"That we owe our lives to you this night, under God, there is little doubt," the latter cried, grasping Wilfred Lester's hand. "The time to thank you, I hope, will come."

Wilfred began mustering his second crew. Old Bill Gaud insisted upon being one.

"Not you, Dick," cried Wilfred to another.

"I won't have you; you could not stand the labor."

"I'm as strong as I was before my illness, sir," pleaded Dick.

"I will not admit you, I say. Stand back. We have no time to lose."

Scarcely had the words left Wilfred Lester's mouth, when a prolonged, dreadful shriek, only too palpable to the ear, arose from the wreck. It was some minutes before those on shore could make out its cause. But, when they did; when they discovered what had happened—alas! alas! The rescued sailor's words had been two surely and swiftly verified. The vessel had parted amanipship, and was setting down in the water.

Oh, for the life-boat now! One more voyage, and it may yet save a few of those now launched into the water. Before it could take a third, the rest will have been launched into eternity.

And the life-boat hastened out amidst cheers to face its mad way, but it rescued none. The hungry waters had made too sure of their prey.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE RESCUE.

But three passengers had been rescued. The two conveyed to the Sailor's Rest, who had been chief cabin passengers, and a steerage passenger; the rest saved, were seamen; not one of the officers, all had gone with the ill-fated ship.

Passengers had been dispatched to Sophie, and when the dy got there, she had warm beds in readiness, and hot flannels, in case rubbing should be necessary. One man, it was he who had seemed so exhausted, had nothing on but his shirt and drawers. A large cloak had been thrown over him as they raised him out of the life-boat; and then he spoke a few words.

"My hand. I am cold. Get a shawl for my hand."

Sophie was not plentiful on the beach, for none had been brought down, but a large neck-handkerchief was found in somebody's pocket, and the man's head was enveloped in it. He feebly pulled it far over his face, as if to shield it from the cold. Little could be seen of his features when he got to the Sailor's Rest, but Sophie jumped to the conclusion, by some reasoning process of her own, that he was a man of fifty or hard upon it. His wet hair hung about his face, nearly white hair. He declined all assistance, shut himself into the chamber prepared, dried himself by the fire, got into bed between the warm blankets, and then rang the bell.

It was for a large basin of hot gruel with a glass of brandy in it.

When the maid took it up to him, she said that the young man, his fellow passenger saved, wished to know if he could come in, or do anything for him.

No, was the answer. And the young man had better lose no time in getting to bed himself. He might come in in the morning; and nobody else was to disturb him till he had been in, unless he rang.

"Are they gentlemen?" inquired Lord Dane. "Or people in business, merchants, and that sort of thing?"

"The young one's a gentleman, if ever I saw one," returned Mrs. Ravensbird, warmly. "In looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who." As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair."

"When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"The younger one is up, I suppose," remarked Lord Dane.

"Oh, up hours ago, my lord; up and out. He seems in a fine way about some box being lost that was on board, and is gone towards the wreck to hear if there's any chance of things being got up. Does your lordship think there is?"

"A few things may be, perhaps; I cannot tell. I wish to send a message to this old gentleman, if you will convey it to him," continued his lordship. "Say that I, Lord Dane, shall be happy to render him any assistance, and if he would like me to pay him a visit, I can do so now."

Sophie ran up the stairs to the invalid's chamber, and came back again, shaking her head.

"I'll lay any money he's a cross-grained old bachelor," cried she, "he speaks up so sharply. He answered me quite rudely, my lord. 'My service to Lord Dane, but tell him I am a private individual, seeking only repose, and am not desirous of forming acquaintance, even with his lordship.' You might speak it more civilly, I thought to myself, as I took it from him."

"I know; I know," said Lord Dane. "When these disastrous circumstances occur, it is due from my position to show courtesy to the sufferers, for he may be refused—if course the obligation is at an end. It is the last time I shall trouble your old gentleman, Mrs. Ravensbird."

The wind was less violent this morning, and many people were gathered on the heights, watching the spot where the wreck had been. At low water part of the ship could be seen, and she lay with her larboard side to the rocks. Quantities of chips were floating about, and pieces of iron might be discerned on the beach. The masts and yards were gone, and there was no symptom of a bowsprit. Something more appalling than wood or iron floated in occasionally—a human body; not near enough, however, to terrify away the watchers on the heights, some of whom were ladies.

Standing most imprudently on the very edge of the heights, in their eager sympathy, were Miss Bordillion and Maria Lester. The latter, who was a little apart, bent forward to look at some bustle right underneath, when a gust of wind, more furious than any they had experienced that morning, suddenly swept over them, swept over Maria, and—

"Take care, Maria!" shrieked out Miss Bordillion, in an agony of terror.

"How did they recognize it?"

"By certain marks," replied Ravensbird. "I recognized it myself. I was Captain Dane's servant."

"It was a nasty pitch over, that fall from the heights," soliloquized the stranger: "it took place while I was in Dameshield—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, you are never Colonel Moncton?" breathlessly uttered Ravensbird.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

the way at the moment, but Sophie was quite equal to receiving his leadership. In earlier days, when he was plain and poor Herbert Dane, she had been rather fond of challenging him, or he was to her; and her manner to him still retained far more of ease than did those of some of the inhabitants of Dameshield. Sophie began pouring into his ear all the news she had been able to collect, as regarded the two passengers, coupled with her own additions; for she was one of those who form conclusions according to their active imaginations, and then assume them to be facts.

They were both Americans, from the United States, she said; the old gentleman travelling over here for his health, especially for a weakness in the eyes; and the young one for pleasure. They had first met on board, and got friendly together. The old gentleman's name she had not come at yet, but the young one's was Lydney. Such a pleasant young man! spoke French like an angel—and as rattling and free as my lord himself used to be.

Sophie began pouring into his ear all the news she had been able to collect, as regarded the two passengers, coupled with her own additions; for she was one of those who form conclusions according to their active imaginations, and then assume them to be facts.

"I will be sure to do," he answered, a gratified expression lighting his countenance.

And he lifted his hat as Miss Bordillion and Maria moved away.

The chamber in which the invalid lay, at the Sailor's Rest, was a commodious room, the bed at the further end of it, opposite the door, and the fire place in the middle, between the two. It was very comfortably furnished: a sofa, a centre-table and side tables, besides the usual furniture for a sleeping-room, but its space afforded good accommodation. On this same evening at dusk, Mr. Ravensbird himself was in the chamber, attending to the fire, when the sick gentleman suddenly addressed him.

"What sort of a neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who." As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair."

"The other gentleman?" inquired Lord Dane.

"He is at the castle now, sir: I have just said so."

"He at the castle! What for?"

"The castle is his home, sir," replied Ravensbird, beginning to wonder whether the sick man was in his right mind.

"Whose home? I am speaking of Herbert Dane. What should bring the castle his home? Does Lord Dane tolerate him there?"

"Why, sir, is it possible you do not know that Herbert Dane—that was—is the present Lord Dane?" uttered Ravensbird. "He succeeded the old lord."

The stranger raised himself on his elbow, and peered at Ravensbird under the purple shade.

"Then what on earth has become of Geoffrey?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who." As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair."

"The other gentleman?" inquired Lord Dane.

"He is dead, sir: I have just said so."

"He died of fever, sir. I can't take upon myself just to say where, for I forget: but he was put on board at Civita Vecchia. My lady went, almost as quick; and the old lord did not live above a month or two."

"I know; I know," said the stranger with fervish impatience, "I saw their deaths announced in the newspapers; and I saw the succession of the new peer, 'Geoffrey, Lord Dane.'

"His name is Herbert Geoffrey, sir. As soon as he became heir, he was no longer called Herbert, but Geoffrey. It is a favorite name with the Lords Dane."

The invalid lay down and covered his face. Ravensbird was about to leave the room, when he spoke again.

"This Herbert—Lord Dane, as you tell me he is—is he liked?"

"He has not given much opportunity to be liked or disliked, sir, stopping away so long," was the rejoinder of Ravensbird. "He behaved generously in the matter of my lord's will. The will left presents and legacies to servants, and fifteen thousand pounds to Lady Adelaide Erol, but my lord died before he signed it; consequently it was void. The young lord, however, fulfilled all the bequests to the very letter, as honorably as though he had been legally bound to do so."

"Why did he not marry Lady Adelaide?"

"He turned round, sir, as I tell you, and would not have him. It was exactly like a sudden freak, a change of mind that nobody could account for. My present wife was maid to her at that time, and I heard of her refusal: but it was not generally known that there was anything between them."

"Perhaps there never was anything between them," remarked the invalid.

"Oh, yes there was, sir: when he was plain Herbert Dane," significantly replied Ravensbird. "Ah! he little thought then to be what he is now—the lord of Dameshield!"

The stranger turned his face to the wall, and put up his hand; and nothing could be seen of him but his white hair and the purple shade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

servant, and though he never lost his dignity, any more than I forgot my place, there was a feeling between us that might be called friendship.

There ensued a long silence. The gentleman broke it.

"What has become of Herbert Dane? He was to have married Lady Adelaide Erol. There was music—some—some talk of such a thing, I fancy."

"He did not marry her. Ah! that was another mystery. She would not have him, after all; and she married Mr. Lester. She has a whole troop of children now."

"And where is Herbert Dane? What has become of him?"

Ravensbird turned round to the bed in astonishment.

"He is at the castle now, sir: I have just said so."

"He at the castle! What for?"

"The castle is his home, sir," replied Ravensbird, beginning to wonder whether the sick man was in his right mind.

"Whose home? I am speaking of Herbert Dane. What should bring the castle his home? Does Lord Dane tolerate him there?"

"Why, sir, is it possible you do not know that Herbert Dane—that was—is the present Lord Dane?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who." As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair."

"The other gentleman?" inquired Lord Dane.

"He is dead, sir: I have just said so."

"He died of fever, sir. I can't take upon myself just to say where, for I forget: but he was put on board at Civita Vecchia. My lady went, almost as quick; and the old lord did not live above a month or two."

"I know; I know," said the stranger with fervish impatience, "I saw their deaths announced in the newspapers; and I saw the succession of the new peer, 'Geoffrey, Lord Dane.'

"His name is Herbert Geoffrey, sir. As soon as he became heir, he was no longer called Herbert, but Geoffrey. It is a favorite name with the Lords Dane."

The invalid lay down and covered his face. Ravensbird was about to leave the room, when he spoke again.

"This Herbert—Lord Dane, as you tell me he is—is he liked?"

"He has not given much opportunity to be liked or disliked, sir, stopping away so long," was



## REMEMBER!

The moment thou lookst upon, the day of earnest  
arrived,  
Through which no ray of spirit-day, clair-watching  
you behold;  
Where pretty eyes have dimmed the glasses, and  
Fevered in the bower,  
And evil thoughts a sign has wrought beyond crediting  
now—

This form so meek, so cold, so low, this morning  
sovereign day.  
Were once the grace of a baby-face, and the beauty  
of childhood's day;  
These eyes were gazed with eager trust, shore,  
around, below,  
And a mother with pride that was hard to hide  
pushed the hair from the open brow.

The present heart that wakes your pride by the  
evil spell of sin,  
The hardened tone that makes harsh your own, if  
there be no match within;  
The most untiring unloved soul that can slight  
your hope or fear,  
And various look down on your smile or frown, as  
if from a separate sphere—

That nature cold and proud must yet mysterious  
terrors know,  
Most writh with Death for each gasping breath,  
must be laid in the dust below;  
That voice must sink into whispers faint, a manœuvred  
service crave,  
And that hand must cling to some humble thing in  
a shrinking from the grave.

Familiar thought, I own, to all, this truth of our  
common lot,  
Yet midst jar and strife of the daily life, its lesson  
is forgot;  
We pity without the haughty dust that must  
shroud and pall endure,  
And with loathing shun some world-stained one  
that was once a happy pair.

Not wholly in vain were the fancy tasked from the  
actual off to turn  
To the rosy sleep only cradling keep, to the shade of  
the funeral urn.  
The present may all loves less seem; be o'er it a me-  
mory cast  
Of the first low cry and the last sad sigh—of the  
Future and the Past. S. C. C.

## A VISIT TO THE "SPIRITS."

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I, the writer of this article, have seen something of the spirit doing, and I will state candidly what I have seen, and what I have thought. I do not affect infallibility; but I believe I am unprejudiced, and I know that I love truth.

In a small street off one of the west-central squares live two women, one old, the other young, and both mediums. To these went I and a party of friends; some believing, others wholly skeptical, others, like myself, of no fixed opinion, but anxious to know the truth. When we entered, a clergyman was interrogating the spirits, and seemingly much edified by their answers. After a time he took up the Bible from the floor, and turned the leaves till he came to some which the spirits had doubted, while under the table; but which he scarcely found applicable to his present questions. However, he helped the spirits and the medium handsomely out of the difficulty, by saying that they bore on the subject of his last week's lecture; but as it would be rather hard to find a series of texts that did not bear on any theological subject whatsoever, or that could not be twisted so as to seem to bear on it, I confess I did not think that experiment very satisfactory. The company arriving irregularly, the circle was perpetually disturbed; and as the spirits only rapped when the young medium was present, it was trying to those who came in good faith, to have to submit to the total cessation every time the medium, and the spirits, and the candle streamed down stairs to answer the door. In their absence, the clergyman making some question very urgently, I tried the table; and with a slight and wholly imperceptible movement of my wrists, I tipped it quite easily and made it answer exactly in the same way as the medium had done. This I did twice; no one suspecting, no one seeing, not even the friend who was sitting next me, and who did not believe in spirits. And if I could so easily move the table, and on a first trial, whilst could not one who had studied its capabilities effect? That table was as easily manipulated as it had been made of paper, and almost as light; and the slightest movement of the wrists sufficed to tip it. When the medium returned, and the circle closed again, we had a few more "experiences." A spirit announced itself. For whom? Single raps (negative) same; no, no, no, for one and the other; until three affirmative tappings pointed to my friend. Who was the spirit? father? mother? child? brother? Yes: brother. The name? The alphabet was called for, and a name spelt out. "Edward." Now, my friend never had a brother who died, and never one at all, living or dead, of the name of Edward. So much for even the common phenomenon of this medium's thought-reading.

The spirits now promised to do a great deal more. The medium, myself, and two others held an oblong piece of paper by the four corners. Immediately there was a scratching and a tapping on the underside of the paper, close to the medium's hand. It was not impossible for her to have produced those sounds, and I, intently watching her face and movements—having been rendered suspicious by my own easy performance with the table—can distinctly affirm that she did produce those sounds—me and no other. A tray was manipulated in the same way. It was placed upside down on the table, and the medium and ourselves laid our fingers upon it. This tray was of extreme flexibility; it was a lively tray, and somewhat elastic in its movements. Suddenly, as if tired of being shaken and tapped on, it started up and rasped the knuckles of one of the party—I think, of the clergyman, but I am not sure. And here again I distinctly saw the younger medium lift the tray by a sudden pressure of her thumb, and I saw her rapidly strike the edge against the hand in

question. Then the table moved itself up, and remained itself in the air for some seconds; but again the medium's thumbs were underneath, and her knee was against the top. This I also most distinctly saw—for she is not very accomplished yet in sleight of hand, and a very little careful observation can detect the manner of her tricks. I was then treated underneath the table. My ankle was suddenly grasped by something flexible and springy, but not muscular. Others were grasped, too; all but my friend, whose feet were tucked away under the chair, and so were out of the line of the medium's feet. And all the while this was going on, I felt the young lady's knee work up and down against mine, as each person cried out he was touched, and she pulled the strings of her puppets at her will. Then an old, badly tuned guitar was held by the clergyman, and played under the table. The clergyman sang the Old Hundredth in a low and tremulous voice, and while he sang, a few simple chords were struck out, such as would have suited anything; but I deny that there was any attempt at known melody in the music, or that it was anything more than could have been produced by sweeping the hand or foot over the strings at certain intervals. But some of the believers were quite overpowered with this "manifestation," and one or two were deeply affected. To my ears, not perhaps capable of appreciating what to them seemed such heavenly harmony, it was a simple string sound, such as could have been easily effected by drawing the toes over the strings.

The light was now put out, and the spirits rapped us all to another and more commanding part of the room, where they had promised to show the hands. A double circle was formed, and when we were fairly placed, which was not until we had gone through a great deal of trouble and annoyance—for the spirits were suspicious and full of fancies and caprices, and would not have any one too near, but drove one over anxious gentleman clean away from the place where they were to show—after many such shifting and turning, the medium got settled, and the spirits seemed to be content. But they would not show the hands, though adjured to do so in the name of God, and also finally scolded and rated for their breach of faith. A small bell was then set running about the room—they said it was running through the air—and ringing as it went. We could not see it, but we heard it ringing in different paths, or places, about the room, but always close at hand. Suddenly it seemed to fall over on its side, and then the spirits rapped out their dismissal, and the session was at an end. One thing I have forgotten: two gentlemen were asked to agree between themselves on a certain moment by the clock, when the spirits would rap as soon as the minute hand reached the spot. They did so, and the raps did come at that very instant. This was the only clever thing in the performance, and, excepting this, the whole affair was a somewhat dull and most barefaced imposition. As I sat and looked at it all, I scarcely knew which filled me with most surprise, or the marvellous impudence of the actors, or the marvellous credulity of the spectators. There was not one single thing performed that was not an open and palpable deception; yet here were some well-educated English men and women grouped, full of faith and belief, round two illiterate conjurers, whose tricks would have been utterly contemptible for the painful amount of human trust and reverence given to them. It was something inexplicably sad to see these two wretched women were able to play on the holiest and deepest feelings of their audience; how, for the paltry sum which they gained from each as the price of their deceptions, they mocked the most sacred truths, and cheated the most earnest faith. It was a degrading exhibition, and all the more so because men of cultivated understandings and women of ordinary perceptions gave into it without question or examination, and set aside the precious mental power of critical reason, in favor of blind, headlong, unreasoning credulity.

I know that I shall be met by believers with the argument that all the greatest scientific truths were, when first propounded, scoffed and disbelieved; witness Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, and others. But although truth in all such cases has not prevailed at once, and although the beliefs in them have languished, yet, even when weakest, such beliefs have always been strong enough to leave broad marks behind them—broad enough for the wise to stand upon, whence to assert, and eventually to sustain, them beyond dispute. Truth never dies away without leaving some mark. "Spiritualism," on the contrary, has burnt its feeble light from the earliest times of the Old Testament; it has flickered, then gone out from sheer exhaustion. It has been forgotten, then "discovered" again; it has then flourished among a certain class of weak people, and has made a noise—for your hysterical subjects are always very demonstrative. Then belief has been exhausted, and the sickly flame has been extinguished, to peep out again at some future time, and in the same way, to die out. This seems to be the difference between the reception and destiny of truth, and imposture.

One of the most provoking peculiarities of the spiritualists is the definite manner in which they speak of indefinite things and indefinite sensations. A publication called the Spiritual Magazine is especially full of this sort of bushwhacking assertion. Things, which in the seances some people say they see, and others only think they see, and others don't see at all, are set down as positive, actual, undeniable facts; as undeniable as this paper on which I write. If, at the distant end of a large room, and in the dark, a medium says he is floating up to the ceiling, it is stoutly asserted that he is so floated up, and that the people present are witnesses of the fact. Not so; the people present are only witnesses of the fact that the medium asserts this, and that he marks the ceiling; they are not witnesses how he got up so high to make his mark. With ottomans, chairs, and darkness, he may have been able to climb, unperceived, so near, as to mark the ceiling otherwise than by being taken up to it by spiritual hands.

Again, is an audience necessarily a collection of converts? If I go merely to see these things, have the exhibitors a right to parade

## THE FREE LIST.

## AN ANECDOTE OF WEBER.

It is pleasant to be able to enter a fine theatre merely for the trouble of writing your name down on the "Free List." Many persons possess this real privilege; not only journalists who are in the habit of criticizing the performances, but also well-known authors, musicians, and even artists. It is a compliment which a manager of a liberal turn of mind pays to all persons whose opinion is of some importance to him, to say nothing of those whose opinions are of no importance to any one—not even to themselves. It gets the theatre "talked about," and benefits the manager if the representations are good; but if the contrary—the contrary. When Karl Maria Von Weber was in England, he happened to be introduced to the manager of the — theatre, who, by way of paying him what he considered the highest honor in the world, placed his name on the Free List. The acting at the — theatre was good enough in its way, but there was nothing in the performances calculated to attract a poet and a thinker like Weber, and a considerable time elapsed before it ever occurred to the composer of Oberon to take advantage of the privilege which the manager had accorded him. One day, however, he happened to be passing the door, when something in the bills attracted his notice. Then, remembering that his name was on the Free List, he went up to the superintendent of that department, and mentioned his name.

"Just gone in, sir," said the man.

"No, I am not going in, but I will go in," replied Weber, "give to me a card."

"I tell you, he's gone in these five minutes, and why should I give you a card?" asked the man, rather brusquely.

"Because I am Mr. Weber," replied the proprietor of that glorious name, "and because my name is on the Free List."

"That's cool!" returned the official.

"Why, you're as much Her Karl Maria fun Webber, as I am. Tell you, he's gone in this ever so long. Two, sir? There they are, sir." These last words were addressed to a gentleman who had presented an order.

"Am I a liar, b'raps?" asked the indignant Trenton, as if by no means prepared to receive an answer in the affirmative.

"I don't know who you are, nor what you are, nor where you come from!" was the reply; "only you're not Her fun Webber, and it's no good trying it on here."

"It's good!" returned the official.

"Why, you're as much Her Karl Maria fun Webber, as I am. Tell you, he's gone in this ever so long. Two, sir? There they are, sir."

These last words were addressed to a gentleman who had presented an order.

"Am I a liar, b'raps?" asked the indignant Trenton, as if by no means prepared to receive an answer in the affirmative.

"I don't know who you are, nor what you are, nor where you come from!" was the reply; "only you're not Her fun Webber, and it's no good trying it on here."

"It's good!" returned the official.

"Really, this is very extraordinary! I shall certainly complain to Mr. Pennefeather."

"Can't help it, ma'am; you should have been in time."

"Should have been in time! What impertinence! I have a great mind to see the manager; but I will certainly complain to Mr. Pennefeather, and he shall cut you up in his office."

"Thank you, ma'am!"

Karl Maria was still waiting for his card, or rather was waiting with the view of proving that he was himself.

"What, you still here?" exclaimed the man in the box.

"I am Mr. Weber, and I will go in," replied the composer.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the superintendent of the Free List, astonished at so much persistence. "As you will have that you're Her fun Webber, you shall go into the theatre, and see him."

"I insist upon it," answered Weber himself.

"Now you come along with me then, and you shall see him sitting in the front of the pit," (stalls had not yet been invented,) "as civil-spoken a gentleman as ever I saw; why, he has been in every night these two years."

"Is he a German?" inquired Weber, more and more astonished every moment.

"Is Karl Maria fun Webber a German?" repeated the other, as if really shocked. "Why, of course he is. What a deal you must know about him!"

"I am he," said the German.

"Oh, you're him, are you?" said the Riga-shan, correcting (as he thought) the foreigner's bad English. "Well, then, who do you call that?"

They had now reached the stage, and from one of the wings Weber could see a German gentleman sitting in the front row of the pit, laughing, applauding, holding his sides; in fact, almost wild with delight. A comic actor was on the stage, and he was singing a song which, to the real Weber, appeared rather dull, not to say stupid.

"Well," said the official, "what do you say now?"

Weber gave no answer. The following reflections were passing through his mind:—"That man in the pit," he said to himself, "is an imposter, but he does me no harm. He is probably a poor man; and it is evident that his chief happiness consists in coming to this theatre, for it appears that he never misses a night. I have never thought of coming here before, and probably I shall never think of coming here again. Then why should I, for the sake of proving to this person by my side that I am Weber, instead of being Schmidt, Schneider, or any other German, deprive my unfortunate compatriot of what to him is a source of intense enjoyment? It would not enrich me, and would make him 'poor indeed,' as Shakespeare says:—

"Who steals my name steals ought. 'Tis mine, not his,

Not anybody else's that I know of.

But if I stop this fellow's free admission,

I take back that which not enriches me,

And make him dear poor."

The official heard the illustrious musician murmuring these lines, and came to the conclusion that he must be a madman.

"Well, what do you say?" he inquired at last. "Are you satisfied?"

"Quite so," replied Weber. "I only wanted to see the composer of Der Freischütz."

"Then you admit that you're an impostor!"

"No; I only admit that I wanted to see the composer of Der Freischütz. Good night. Sleep well."

"Go along with you," said the superintendent of the Free List. "What strange fellows these Germans are," he added, addressing his friend the check-taker; and when the other Weber came out, he told him, with a smile, of the "dodge," that one of his countrymen had resorted to in order to gain admittance into the theatre. The other Weber (who was a semi-incompetent boot-maker living in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square) seemed amused, and continued to present himself regularly every night at the Free List office, until at last the good Karl Maria died.

On hearing of the great composer's death, the semi-incompetent boot-maker was amazed. He considered himself decidedly ill used, and did not even attend the funeral.

## A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

An old soldier, writing to the late Duke of Wellington on the subject of corporal punishment in the British army, mentioned the following anecdote:

In 1816, when I joined the 87th Regiment, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, there was a bugler in the corps who had been through the whole of the Peninsular campaigns. Paddy Shannon was a favorite with all the men, and something of a hero; but all Paddy had left was the recollection of these acts—his only solace, the notice taken of the canteen—his only triumph, the whisky. Need I say Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day he would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that same eagle on their colors."

The regiment was paraded, the proceedings read, and Paddy tied up. The signal was given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:

"Listen now, Sir Hugh! Do you mean to say you're going to fog me? Just recollect who scoured the charge at Barossa, when you took the only French eagle ever taken. Wann't it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day it would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that same eagle on their colors."

"Take him down," said Sir Hugh, and Paddy escaped unpunished.

A very short time, however, elapsed, before Paddy again found himself in similar circumstances.

"Took him down," said the Colonel.

"Don't be in a hurry," ejaculated Paddy. "I've a few words to say, Sir Hugh."

"The eagle won't save you this time, sir."

"Is it the eagle, indeed? then I wasn't going to say anything about that same, though you are, and ought to be proud of it. But I was just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed by 22,000 French, and only the 87th to defend it, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up 'Garryowen' to glory, boys, and you, Sir Hugh, have got the same two towers and the breach between them upon your coat of arms as testimony thereof?"

"Take him down," said the Colonel, and Paddy was again unseated.

Paddy, however, had a long list of services to get through, and a good deal of whisky, and ere another two months he was again tied up, the sentence read, and an assurance from Sir Hugh Gough that nothing should again make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it was no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's pride, and the breach of Tarifa, without any avail.

"And is it me?" at last he broke out, "that you're going to fog? I ask you, Sir Hugh Gough, before the whole regiment, that know it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked up the French Field Marshal's staff at the battle of Vittoria, that the Duke of Wellington sent to the Prince Regent, and for which he got that letter that will be long remembered, and that made him a Field Marshal into the bargain? The Prince Regent said: 'You have sent me the baton of a Field Marshal of France; I return you that of a Field Marshal of England.' Wann't it Paddy Shannon who took it?

He walks coolly off with the spoons in his pocket, while the frightened being who, perhaps, never before knew they had been stolen, is lugged and led through the streets by the saucious myrmidons of the law, and followed by a hooting mob.—N. Y. Atas.

## A DOWN LOOK.

A well-known writer, in alluding to the popular notion that bad men have a "down look," says:—"I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honestly out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

We know a great many mean men who pride themselves upon the

## STRANGERS YET.

BY R. MONCTON MILNES.

Strangers yet!  
After years of life together,  
After fair and stormy weather,  
After travel in far lands,  
After touch of wedded hands—  
Why thus joined? Why ever met?  
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
After childhood's winning ways,  
After care and blame and praise,  
Council asked, and wisdom given,  
After mutual prayers to Heaven.  
Child and parent scarce regret  
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
After strife for common ends,  
After trials of old friends,  
After passion fierce and tender,  
After cheerful self-surrender,  
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,  
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
Strange and bitter thought to man  
All the loneliness of man!  
Nature by magnetic laws  
Circles unto circles draw:  
Circles only touch when met,  
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!  
Will it evermore be thus—  
Spirits still impervious?  
Shall we ever fairly stand  
Seal to seal, as hand to hand?  
Are the bounds eternal set  
To retain us strangers yet?

Strangers yet!  
Tell not love it must aspire  
Unto something other—higher;  
God Himself were loved the best,  
Were man's sympathies at rest;  
Rest above the strain and fret  
Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire

Unto something other—higher;

God Himself were loved the best,

Were man's sympathies at rest;

Rest above the strain and fret

Of the world of strangers yet!

sing if she was ill." She shrank back, and moved him away.

"Yes, my lord, I am ill—too ill to bear insults and treachery any longer!"

"Enough! treachery! What do you mean, Regina?"

"Can you ask?"

He looked around, and seeing Howe, who leaned composedly against the mantelpiece, turned pale.

"Ah!" he said. "Has that fellow begun talking to you?"

"Yes! my lord!" said Howe, before any one else could speak. "I have been giving her ladyship a slight sketch of your history, from the time I first had the pleasure of knowing you, up to the present day!"

"You villain!"

"Don't call names, my lord. Unless I am much mistaken, her ladyship would say the term suited you far better than me!"

"Regina," cried Charlemont, turning to her in desperation, "what has he been saying?"

"He has told you?"

"And do you believe him?"

"Yes!"

"Without hearing me—without giving me time to say one word in my own defense? You allow a servant to slander me when I am absent, and give credit to any story he may think fit to coin? Is it just?"

Regina looked at him steadily.

"My lord, three hours ago I had faith in you—now I have not an atom!"

"Good heavens! I would not be so cruel to you for the world!"

"You have been far more cruel to me, all these years, though I was ignorant of it till now. Oh, Charlemont! what could make you, whom I thought the very soul of honor, stoop to such mean and heartless treachery as this?"

In spite of all, the man was true at heart. Even at that last hour, he might have denied much, and she might possibly have believed him. But he drew a long breath, like one who shakes a heavy load from his shoulders, and coming nearer to her, cried out, "I acknowledge it all, Regina! I have been a wretched villain! I know it—but it was because I loved you so!"

"A strange way you have taken to show that love!" she said, passionately. "I pass over the fact of your separating us"—and she waved her hands towards Clifford; "for there, at least, you have done no mischief. But, oh! the girl that I loved with my whole heart, and that loved me, till you came once more between us—how could you, how could you be so cruel to her? She lived in torments, while I was happy with you abroad! She died with your name and mine upon her lips! From first to last it was your work! But for you she would have been beside me to-day; and through you, she lies in the grave, and all that remains to me of her friendship—is this?"

A shiver ran over him, as she held out the tree of hair.

"Ruth is in heaven!" he said, in a low voice. "Why do you torment me so?"

"If she is in heaven, it is through no good deed of yours! You did your best to keep her from that happy place!"

Charlemont stamped his foot impatiently.

"Enough of this! Let me hear of what I have been accused!"

"I have heard of your early life—of Alice—of many others—and of Ruth!" said Regina, smirking.

"This man told you?"

"He did."

"And what could he say of Alice? She was a pretty little creature, it is true, but by no means an imbecile as he supposes; and—"

"My lord!" cried Howe, springing forward with flashing eyes,—"if you dare to say one word against the girl you ruined, I will kill you!"

Charlemont surveyed him calmly, without stirring from the spot where he stood.

"I am not afraid of you—but you are a brave fellow, and I like you for standing up for Alice, after all. Let her go! I will say nothing more of her! But do you tell me how all this has come about? I might have expected treachery elsewhere, and been on my guard; but yes, who has eaten my bread, and drunk of my cup for so many years—how can you betray me?"

"For nearly twenty years I have watched and waited for this day!" said Howe, in a triumphant voice.

"Nearly twenty years!" The Earl started.

"Why, twenty years ago, we were at Krishna—boys together!"

"Yes, my lord."

"And Alice—" His brow grew dark. "Man, have you been planning this betrayal ever since you went abroad with me?"

Howe smiled, but did not answer.

"He said that he forgave me!" muttered the Earl, with a bewildered look. "And I believed him—I trusted him—and now he has turned traitor!"

"Is it so wonderful?" asked Howe, with a sneer. "You betrayed those who never wronged you! I only fought against my enemy!"

The Earl's head drooped upon his breast. He felt that the man's reproach was true, and he dared not look at Regina, who stood hangingly about, without appearing to notice anything that was going on.

"And where is Alice now?" he asked, at last, in a subdued tone.

"You will see her soon! She is under this roof!"

"Here!"

"The letter was but a faint to secure your absence. She has been here all the evening! Her ladyship has been talking to her!"

The Earl looked at him darkly.

"And the boy?"

"George Brinsford is here also!"

"How dare he call himself by that name?"

"His mother has a peculiar love for it, my sir," said Howe, with a sneer.

"What more is there to come?" asked the Earl, sternly.

"Something exceedingly pleasant, my lord! I have kept it on a fence back to the last!"

"Alice, sir?" said Charlemont, grasping him by the collar. "I have been with you

all this time, but I warn you not to irritate me with a diagnostic man! May what you like, produce what witnesses you like, but play the game out quickly, if you have any regard for yourself, and remember to treat me with respect while I am your master. Do you hear?"

"It will not be for long," muttered Howe.

"If it is for five minutes only, I will be obeyed!" thundered the Earl. "Now leave this room, and when you enter it again, do so as a servant, and not as the equal of those you find here, or I will throw you out of the window as soon as you cross the threshold!"

Howe retreated without a word.

Regina took no notice of the slight affray, but Clifford came up to the Earl, and held out his hand.

"My lord, it has been very painful for me to remain through all these disclosures. I did so by the special request of Howe, who promises to have something to say which nearly concerns me."

"He has made me out a fine fellow, no doubt," said Charlemont, looking towards Regina. "I wonder you have the courage to speak to me—or the will—after all that you have heard."

"I have forgiven and forgotten my own share of the pain long ago, Charlemont; and when I think of the stake for which you played, I can find it in my heart to excuse you for the desperate game!"

The King remains at Naples.

(Garibaldi's) whole army has reached the main town. Garibaldi has quitted Calabria, but his destination is unknown. He has entered Moncalvo.

The Emperor and Empress of France continued their tour in Savoy.

It is reported that the remarks in Queen Victoria's speech relative to the Savoy question, produced a bad impression in Paris.

A permanent French camp was to be established close to the Swiss and Germanic frontiers.

The Paris Bourrasque was formed. Routes 68 & 150.

The Arctic steamer Fox had made a satisfactory survey of the Faroe Islands, for the proposed line of telegraph, and proceeded to land.

The strike among the ribbon weavers of Coventry has ended, the operatives withdrawing their demand.

The rumors of an interview between the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Prince Regent of Prussia, gain more credit.

The Prince Regent of Prussia will visit Warsaw on the invitation of the Emperor of Russia about the middle of September.

The report is also revived that Napoleon wishes to meet the Queen of Spain at Barcelona on his return from Algiers.

Fad Pacha is acting vigorously in Syria.

Seventy persons connected with the recent massacres have been hung, and one hundred and ten soldiers shot.

Four thousand five hundred French troops have landed at Bayonet, where there were threatening demonstrations between the Christians and Molems.

The first street railway in England, upon the American principle, was formally inaugurated at Birkenhead, on the 30th August, and the general impression was highly favorable.

Mr. George F. Train, the projector of the enterprise, gave a grand banquet at Birkenhead in honor of the event, and delivered a characteristic go-ahead speech. Mr. Train's efforts to introduce the system in London, Dublin, Manchester, and elsewhere, were meeting with every success.

STRONG OR LEAD.—Recent experiments in India show that when the thickness of the ice is an inch and a half, it will just bear the weight of a single man, when about three inches and a half, it will bear detachments of infantry, with their ranks rather wide apart; with a thickness of four and four tenths, eight pounds can be conveyed over it on sledges; five and two-tenths inches will bear twelve pounds; eight inches will bear twenty five pounds; and a thickness of twelve inches will bear almost any weight.

Cholera was prevailing to a serious extent in Spain. At Malaga, 600 persons were attacked in one day, and 50 of them died.

A despatch from Perugia (Italy) states that Gen. Lamorciere had directed his troops to plunder any town having symptoms of insurrection. Doubtful.

SYRIA.—Official advice from Damascus, of August 25th, announces the capital execution of one hundred and sixty-seven persons, implicated in the recent massacres. These executions struck terror into the inhabitants, and the city remained tranquil. One hundred and ten of the malefactors belonged to the local police, and they were shot in public. The others, including members of the first families in the country, were hanged, while many more were sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor at Constantinople. The Ex-Governor and other officials were undergoing trial. The Sultan's army is acting with the most rigorous discipline. Perfect tranquillity now exists throughout Syria.

Constantinople letters continue to express fears of a general rising against the Christians when the French troops landed.

Sickening details relate to the late massacre continue to come to hand.

At Hasbara, out of 3,200 Christians, only 1,400 were found remaining, nearly all women and children. The corpses remained unburied.

The Senni was full of them, and in the upper rooms they were piled in heaps five to six feet high.

General Beaumont, the commander of the French forces, on a proclamation, had prohibited the Maronites from renewing the conflict.

CHINA.—The British forces in China are ready for an attack on the enemy, but their French allies had protested against their commencing hostilities, the latter having lost all their horses by shipwreck.

The 26th of June, however, Lord Elgin induced Baron Gros to withdraw the protest, and the attack was to commence immediately.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Morning Herald says that the Queen's speech has produced a bad impression. The passage about Savoy, and the contemptuous silence about the French treaty, are looked upon as the knell of the Anglo-French alliance.

The French papers contain further so-called pacific declarations.

The Council-General of the Bas Rhin, Marshal Magenta said he had it from the Emperor's own mouth that peace would be maintained.

At Toulouse Marshal Niel said that it is in the friendship, and not in the impotence of France, that the guarantee of peace must now be sought.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that distrust of France is at this moment greater than it has been at any moment since the battle of Waterloo.

NAPLES.—The Herald's Paris correspondent says, that the Count of Syracuse, noble to the King of Naples, has written a letter to his nephew, recommending him to avoid a needless effusion of blood, and to follow the example of the Duchess of Parma.

AUSTRALIA.—Trieste, Aug. 31.—The Austrian government, foreseeing an attack on Venetia, is most actively carrying on the works for the completion of the branch line to connect the Venetian railways with those of Germany. On the 5th of September the line from Nuremberg will be inaugurated. This railway will enable Austria to transport a considerable mass to Venetia in a few days.

CONCERNING A MERCHANT.—A fast young man of our acquaintance purchased a merchantman the other day, and not feeling inclined to kill himself by "coloring" it in the usual way, boiled it in tobacco juice. He succeeded in raising a good color, and talks of taking out a patent for the invention.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

The existence of a revolutionary committee has been discovered at Verona and the members have been arrested. The papers that were seized on their persons are said to make a startling exposure of the proceedings of a neighboring power.

EGYPT.—The Austrian Ministry will present to the Emperor to send autograph letters

## FOREIGN NEWS.

PUNISHMENT IN ITALY.—IMPORTANT FROM ITALY

—UP-TO-DATE PAPER OF AFFAIRS.

The Malta, at Halifax, on the 16th, brings

the following:

Garibaldi is about to interfere in Naples. It

is reported that Gen. La Marmora is about

to leave for Naples with 30,000 troops to prevent

the threatened insurrection.

All the newspaper organs of the Sardinian

Navy are to be sent to Naples.

Vigorous military preparations are being

made at Piedmont, the Sardinian troops

hiring every available transport. If it is im-

possible to convey them with sufficient rapidity,

the Pope will be requested to allow of their

passage through his dominions.

An invincible force has been sent out by

the province of Terra D'Oltre, and the insurgents

are marching on Camp Base.

It is reported that the resignation of the Na-

topolitan Ministry will not be accepted.

The Government of Naples will pay France

the sum of three million of francs as an indem-

nition for the losses sustained by French

citizens in the bombardment of Palermo.

The prohibition placed upon the departure of

volunteers from Sardinia is said to have been

removed.

It is reported that the Cabinet at Turin has

agreed to prevent the invasion of the State of

the Church.

The French garrison at Rome is to be increased

by a force of 3,500 troops.

Antonio has been declared in a state of siege,

and the Papal delegate recalled.

The King remains at Naples.

Garibaldi's whole army has reached the main

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

## NEWS STEREO.

How it was.—A party of men repaired to Norton's Grove, Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday, to witness a prize fight between two youths, 17 years of age, for four dollars a side. It lasted for an hour and eight minutes, at the end of which time one of the lads had to be carried off the field.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, was recently robbed of jewels, &c., to the amount of \$100,000.

A SUNDAY or two since, at Grace Church, N. Y., says the Home Journal, a young gentleman put his hat under the vest, and shortly afterwards two prepossessing young ladies had sent him. At the conclusion of the service the ladies left the church first, and the clergymen stooped in search of his hat, and, to his surprise, found it gone. He called the sexton, and applied to that worthy functionary for advice. Mr. Brown suggested that it might have been caught in the ladies' crinoline; and entreated the clerical friends to search again. The gallant fellow was soon some distance out, upon the top of the wheel house holding his wife by one arm, and clinging with the other to his frail ark. As he reached the shore, a fearful surf capsized his raft, and when they rose, the wife was gone. The gallant fellow left it and swam to the shore. All the shore held their breath, while they approached. At one instant they appeared high in the air, and at the next were buried out of sight beneath the terrible surges. At last the wheel house grounded some distance from the beach, when the man with his wife in his arms, jumped off and commenced wading to the land. He then proceeded only a short distance, when he sank exhausted, and was caught by Mr. Edward Spencer, himself half buried in the sargos, and drawn ashore.

Another instance of bravery has been related which took place at Winetka. Among the raft and pieces of wreck, tossing in the surf, one man was anxiously watched, to whom which Jarvis of Milwaukee, his wife and child. As the raft was drawn in the surf, it was capsized, and all disappeared for a moment beneath the angry waters. When it rose, Jarvis alone was clinging to it. He instantly left it, however, and swam for his wife and child, and recovered them. Twice and thrice he repeated this heroic act. Finally, when the shore was almost reached, the raft was for the last time capsized, and when it reached the surface, Jarvis alone was clinging to it. Again he left it, and swam for a long time in search of those whom he had so long and so nobly protected, but all in vain, and he was obliged at last to swim to the raft to save his own life.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

A MAN CONVICTED A MURDER IN DUE NOR COMPTON.—At Road, in England, recently, a child named Francis Neville Kent, was murdered, and one Edmund John Gegg gave himself up to the magistrates as the murderer. Before his trial, however, it was discovered that he had not been near the place where the murder was committed, that he did not know the victim, and in short, that he was in a distant part of the country. At last he confessed that his previous confession was untrue, and that he had been led to it because his life was a burden to him. He was, of course, discharged.

It appears that sailors make the best soldiers with Garibaldi; they are more ready to expose themselves, and are more dash; and sailors from our navy have always been foremost in all Garibaldi's fights. A gray headed old Sooth merchant had made a fortune, and was living on his means in Italy, but the fever of fighting is catching, and he could not resist its influence. At Molaza, to use his own words, he "was old food enough to take his double-barrel and fight with the rest." Old as he was, and unused to fighting, he was among the foremost, and got two wounds for his pains. Garibaldi saw his daring, and after the fight publicly thanked him.

AN INCIDENT IN TOSCANO.—The Duke of Newcastles, the Earl St. Germans, and Gov. Head, walked from the Palace, this evening, down to the Orange arch. Just before reaching it they were detected, and the crowd moved towards them. They turned, and the crowd followed, shouting and groaning. A line of policemen followed and kept back the crowd, till the Duke called the sergeant, and said to him, "Go back; I don't need your protection. I never saw the crowd from which I could not protect myself." When they reached the Palace gate the crowd gave three groans for each of them, and three cheers for the Prince.

REMARKABLE CASE.—The Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot states that young Keith, who was so patriotically maimed some time ago, by the premature discharge of a cannon, at Hyannis, has been enabled by means of artificial hands and forearms, to write, send messages as a telegraph operator, drive a horse and carriage, and perform many other acts requiring muscular agility and skill.

M. E. DE BEAUMONT, President of the French Academy of Sciences, has informed M. Jobard, director of the Musée Belge, that a commission composed of MM. Chevreuil, Flourens, and Velvain, has been charged to examine his memoir on catalepsy, paralysis, and lethargy. M. Jobard demonstrates in his memoir the possibility of restoring the drowned to life after an immersion of two days, and those frozen after ten years. He proposes to replace the punishment of death by artificial catalepsy.

We see it stated as an instance of the romance which is said to exist in real life, that the son and heir of Lord Lovelace, the grandson to whom will ultimately go the bulk of the late Lady Byron's large landed property, and who now becomes Baron Wentworth by her death, is, and has, for a considerable time past, been working at weekly wages as an artisan in the smiths' department of Woolwich Arsenal. For the son of an Earl, and the heir to a barony by birth, there is a unique case. Lord Lovelace's daughter, to whom passes the bulk of Lady Byron's large personal property, is an inheritor of much of the rare ability of her mother, Ada, the only daughter of Lord Byron.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince and his suite reached Clifton House, Niagara Falls, on the 14th. He received the address of the authorities, and was escorted to the Falls by a grand torchlight procession.

The falls were illuminated with Bengal and blue lights, and the view was magnificent. The Duke of Newcastle is sick.

The St. Louis (Mo.) Express says, that H. A. Marsh, formerly of that city, has been seen to be having at Camden, Arkansas, for circulating the New York Tribune, which, in that region, is considered an insidious publication. The citizens of St. Louis, at the instance of the wife of the sentenced man, have got up a strong petition in his favor.

ALLIED DECAPITATION OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.—A dispatch from Washington, D. C., says the enemies of Brigham Young, "that the agents of the U. S. Government, in their efforts to capture him, have undergone a long and searching scrutiny, and that they show he is a despot to the government to a considerable extent. A special agent has accordingly been despatched to undertake the recovery of the man."

## INCIDENTS OF THE LADY ELGIN CATASTROPHE.

The lake in every direction was filled with fragments of the wreck, to which some fifty or sixty human beings were clinging when our reporter first arrived. Only a few of them reached shore. The surf ran fearfully in shore, and in almost every instance when the surf settled, a few rods of shore, the heavy waves would capsize them within sight and halting distance of those on the shore.

The saving of David Elviston and wife, of Milwaukee, elicited the greatest excitement.—The gallant fellow was soon some distance out, upon the top of the wheel house holding his wife, with his one arm, and clinging with the other to his frail ark.

As he reached the shore, a woman with her husband held the shore, a wife, a man, and a child, and clinging with the other to his frail ark.

When they rose, the wife was gone. The gallant fellow left it and swam to the shore. All the shore held their breath, while they approached. At one instant they appeared high in the air, and at the next were buried out of sight beneath the terrible surges.

At last the wheel house grounded some distance from the beach, when the man with his wife in his arms, jumped off and commenced wading to the land. He then proceeded only a short distance, when he sank exhausted, and was caught by Mr. Edward Spencer, himself half buried in the sargos, and drawn ashore.

Another instance of bravery has been related which took place at Winetka. Among the raft and pieces of wreck, tossing in the surf, one man was anxiously watched, to whom which Jarvis of Milwaukee, his wife and child. As the raft was drawn in the surf, it was capsized, and all disappeared for a moment beneath the angry waters. When it rose, Jarvis alone was clinging to it. He instantly left it, however, and swam for his wife and child, and recovered them. Twice and thrice he repeated this heroic act. Finally, when the shore was almost reached, the raft was for the last time capsized, and when it reached the surface, Jarvis alone was clinging to it. Again he left it, and swam for a long time in search of those whom he had so long and so nobly protected, but all in vain, and he was obliged at last to swim to the raft to save his own life.

These who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came across a few nights ago, between two brothers named Longino (William and Bart) residing a few miles above Campi, when a position being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barreled shot-guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed.

A VENANT UP COUNTRY, Maine, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded canons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt.

## Wit and Humor.

## STARTLING PROPOSITION.

M. Blondon to Bring the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Newcastle, and Others over Niagara Falls on a Tight Rope.

It is said that M. Blondon has addressed the following letter to the Duke of Newcastle, proposing to bring his Royal Highness into America in a wheelbarrow on a tight rope. Not being familiar with the handwriting of M. Blondon, we cannot guarantee its genuineness:

NIAGARA FALLS, U. S. A.  
August 23, 1860.

To His Grace, the Duke of Newcastle:

Dear Sir: It is important that the Prince of Wales's entrance into the United States should produce a sensation worthy of the country and himself.

He will probably arrive among us by the way of Niagara Falls, where the greatest natural phenomenon of this continent has been running over thousand years in preparation for this event.

In order that the occasion may be fully improved, I propose to take the hair apparent to the British throne across the Falls in a wheelbarrow, on a tight rope, free of expense.

The progress of the trip shall be diversified by fireworks and various gymnastic feats, such as the execution and the inclination of the Prince of Wales may suggest.

In this way thousands may see him arrive who would not have an opportunity if he came by railroad, or any ordinary conveyance.

If it would please your grace, I should be very happy to bring you over in the same way, and other members of the Prince's suite, whom he may designate.

If any accident should happen, by which his Highness or any member of his party should be precipitated into the gulf below (of which I assure you there is little or no danger), the money taken from the spectators shall be promptly and conscientiously refunded.

Please submit this proposition to his Highness, and favor me with a reply at your earliest convenience.

I am your grace's most obedient  
and most humble servant,

M. BLONDON.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

## A COURT ROOM SCENE.

In a recent trial of a liquor case, which occurred not a thousand miles from Worcester county, the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen at the defendant's domain, which he said he had visited a number of times.

"Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice.

"Why, yes, I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness.

"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

"I kinda smell it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself up for the convicting answer, which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirit it was?"

"Spirits of Turpentine!"

The explosion of mirth that followed this answer, fairly shook the court room.

As soon as it subsided, the witness was discharged, the opinion being that his testimony was not to the point.

## THE CENSUS TAKER.

Lady of Uncertain Age—"You want to know my age, sir? It's like your impudence! What has my age to do with you?"

Census Marshal—"Well, ma'am, it's a penalty of thirty dollars if you refuse to answer my question."

Lady—"Here's the money, sir—I'd sooner pay thirty dollars any day, than be insulted!"

Census Marshal—"Excuse me. (Writes)—Age seventeen, form charming, melting eyes, voice of music!"

Lady (much mollified)—"Oh, sir, you are quite a gentleman!—when will you call again?"

Census Marshal—"In about ten years, ma'am. Good-day! Much obliged to you!"

PROOF OF RATIONALITY.—A man residing in a New England town, at some distance from a near relative, received a message, one cold evening in December, to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived, he was told that his relative was a little better, but that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying, in a faint voice:

"Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative.

"Oh, ah," said he, "yes, yes. He must be cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, a toddy."

"I guess he ain't crazy," said the visitor to the friends standing round; "he talks very rationally."

A BOY'S JOKE.—As one of the Dover, England, volunteers, was passing along, rifle in hand, he was accosted by a precocious urchin, who called out:

"Who shot the dog?"

This saying our friend appeared by no means to relish; so turning sharply, he said:

"If you are not off, I'll shoot a donkey."

Whereupon the boy, calling out to one of his companions, rejoined:

"I say, Bill, look here—this ere fellow is going to commit suicide."

THE WOMAN ROAR.—"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white coat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on my way there for eighteen years."

"Well, good-bye, old fellow! If you have been traveling toward Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

## MISTAKES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Some ten years since there was a very ludicrous, and at the same time natural blunder, perpetrated upon the line between Boston and New York. A gentleman sent a despatch requesting passage in New York to "forward sample forks by express." When the message was delivered, it read thus:—"Forward sample K. S., by express."

The parties who received it, replied by asking what samples K. S. wanted.

Of course the gentleman came to the office and complained that the despatch had been transmitted wrong, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he telegraphed the New York operator that the despatch should have read, "Forward sample forks." The New York operator, having read it wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now. He replied that he did read it, "Samples for K. S., and so delivered it."

"But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say 'for K. S.,' but f-o-r-s-a-p!"

"What a stupid fellow that is in Boston," exclaimed the New York operator in a rage. "He says he didn't say for K. S., but for K. S.!"

The Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator read it "forks," but not succeeding, he wrote the despatch upon a slip of paper, and forwarded it by mail; and it remained a standing joke upon the line for many months afterwards.

MADE LIKE OTHER MEN.—The story of a New York paper that the Prince gives only his left hand to ladies in the dance, reminds the Montreal Herald of the ludicrous disappointment of the countryman when the Prince's grand uncle visited Edinburgh in 1823:

First Countryman—"Well, Jock, have ye seen the King?"

Second Countryman—"Oh, ay, I have seen the King, but I wadna gang the length o' the street to see him again—the King's just made like onyther man, and they tell me his arms were a lion and a unicorn!"

## NEAT WINDOW CURTAINS.

Is there any necessity to have things ugly because they must needs be cheap? Now in the matter of window curtains I am sure our country cousins need a bit or two on the subject to bring about an entire change in the domestic economy of their hangings.

Must they be calico? then let the pattern be a small stripe of a faint brown or other neutral color; now get two or three yards of a calico with six or eight bright stripes in the breadth; cut out these stripes—don't undertake to tear them—and sew them on to the front edge and ends of the curtains. Take a narrow strip of wood—a lath will answer if it be long enough—and tack one end of the curtain to it, then nail this above the window frame. Now make some bands of the strips, with which to loop up the curtains, and you will produce a much prettier effect than by nailing to your windows a bright calico with a large flowery pattern which every fold distorts.

A very pretty simple cornice may be made for lace or muslin curtains by pasting gilt paper on a lath, then nail the curtain on the back of the wood, and allow it to fall over the gilt.

Plain net curtains—even white mosquito-netting would answer—with the edges hemmed over a strip of bright-colored lining muslin about three inches wide, look very tasty. A band of the colored muslin should be covered with netting to go across the top of the window, and to loop up the sides. Then those window-shades—those landscapes with the brown woman under a burnt sienna parasol, coming out of a yellow ochre summer-house overshadowed by Indian red foliage, to meet a raw-number man in a vandyke-blue boat on a burnt-number lake—need we have those? May we not have neat, plain white or buff shades to refresh us? If they will do all this, I will tell them how to make a mosquito net that shall rid the room of flies: having made one and tried it, I will answer for its entire efficacy.

Take that old torn mosquito netting of the frame in the window, and around the outside of said frame drive some tacks about one inch apart; let the spaces between the nails be uniform; then get a spool of very coarse black thread, make the end fast to one of the corner-tacks, cross the thread to the opposite nail, pass it over two tacks, then back again, and so on until you have taken it across both the short and long way of the frame, then cross it diagonally.

Put this in your window at early morning and towards evening, and the flies will go out through it; should one or two find their way in, they will go out again. But—there must be no light behind the frame—no window at the back, nor any white or light material: it must look black from the outside: that is the secret of its success.

Do you like to have the flies making free with your features—particularly the nose—in the morning when you want to sleep? I don't mean when it is time to get up, of course; I mean an hour or two before that. I arranged my frame in my bedroom window last night, and oh, how gloriously I slept until the "first bell" did what otherwise the flies would have done!

—American Agriculturist.

## THE EXPANSION OF DANCES.

Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their nature, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets: they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flounce out in gorgeous dye, like the tulip or the blue rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for violets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like sunbeams. Now and then, you see half-blooms and sunbeams. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true character, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.—*American Agriculturist.*

How to SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.—It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggle he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above water for an hour. If seized anywhere else the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

A NEW QUARRELLER.—According to Dr. Krapf, in the Galla country, Africa, if a native kills a man he must pay a fine of one thousand oxen; if he kills a woman only fifty! This looks, at first sight, as if the Galla people are far from being a gallant people, and have a very inadequate conception of the value of women. But, on second thought, it is an evidence of their high appreciation of woman's refined nature—a man being so much more of a beast than she, as one thousand oxen are more than fifty.

—*American Agriculturist.*

## FACTS FOR POOR FARMERS.

## The Riddler.

## MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 2, 11, 20, 9, 4, 23, 30, was the god of the ocean.

My 14, 25, 13, was the goddess of revenge.

My 20, 23, 22, 6, 4, 21, was the god of rivers.

My 20, 7, 22, 14, 15, 20, was a river whose waters fertilized.

My 10, 11, 23, 11, 15, 17, was the most beautiful woman in the world.

My 2, 1, 2, 19, 25, 12, 23, was a title of Cybele.

My 17, 19, 12, 13, 24, 22, 3, was a King of Thessaly.

My 19, 7, 8, 14, 20, 26, were nymphs of the woods.

My 27, 13, 21, 13, 22, 4, 21, was a son of Pelion.

My whole is a motto of one of the United States. Freeburg, Ill. C. C. STOUTE.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 5, 11, 27, is a play.

My 5, 24, 14, 19, 6, is a woman's name.

My 7, 20, 25, 12, 2, 8, is a large island.

My 6, 21, 13, 3, better often does.

My 9, 3, 20, 20, 9, often flies after.

My 27, 19, 22, 18, 9, most fish have.

My 19, 28, 18, 26, 28, all people have.

My 3, 11, 19, 25, 19, is on many houses.

My 1, does not mean you.

My 16, 19, 22, 9, are used by ladies.

My 17, 15, 17, is not many.

My whole is a true saying.

Philadelphia. S. E.

## MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 1, 10, 24, 20, 29, 24, was the son of Japetus by Europa.

My 20, 22, 12, 20, 31, 14, 26, 7, 12, was the mother of the nine muses.

My 19, 16, 18, 12, 25, 2, is another name for Minerva.

My 22, 27, 33, 2, 5, was one of the three Judges of hell.

My 29, 4, 25, 12, 13, 11, 19, was the goddess of wisdom.

My 23, 22, 15, 24, presided over history.

My 26, 12, 18, 8, 6, 4, 2, was one of the Georges.

My 23, 18, 12, 15, 22, 13, 5, was daughter of Neptune and Doris.

My 27, 23, 18, 22, 22, 12, 5, was slain by Alceste, son of Peleus, King of Troy.

My 23, 6, 24, 17, 22, 2, 14, was a branch of the olive tree.

My 27, 24, 13, 29, 26, was one of the Nereides.

My whole is an institution of learning, situated in New York.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in China.